Inter-Hospital Relations

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Inter-Hospital Relations

by Anonymous

Summary

Cameron wonders: why is Chase so popular with the nurses?

Or, House—as usual—has all the answers.

Notes

Fell back into fandom and am trying to get my head around how the characters speak - and how to write dialogue heavy stories in general. This is what came out of that practice. Crack-ish. Set in a universe where I pick events I decide are canon, but season one-ish.

Title changed 05/02/2022 from 'Battle Lines' to 'Inter-Hospital Relations'.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 院内交际 by zerozaki_tavia

Foreman had started flipping through the day's newspaper, deftly taking out the crossword section and laying it on the table.

Cameron was looking out the window, her chin resting on the palm of her hand.

And across from them, lounged like a king, House was lazily bouncing a red-and-grey tennis ball as he contemplated the ceiling.

All three of them were waiting.

"Why is Chase so popular with the nurses?" Cameron wondered, breaking the silence. She was still staring out the window, and when they followed her gaze they saw Chase laughing with a gorgeous, black-haired nurse.

Just an hour ago, the same nurse had barely stopped herself from sneering when Cameron requested a bed for their newest patient, and her denial had been firm.

So House had declared the situation a Level Chase.

Level Chase outranked Level Cameron, which outranked Level Foreman; a foolproof system designed to get House whatever he wanted.

What baffled her was how Chase did it, since he was the most emotionally unavailable man she'd ever met.

Foreman snorted at Cameron's question, not taking his eyes off his newspaper. "Uh, maybe because he looks like a male model and 70% of the nurses are women?"

House turned to his two underlings, hand still held out to catch his precious tennis ball. "Bzzzt! Wrong! Very heteronormative of you, Foreman."

"Yeah, I'm sure some of the male nurses are lusting after him, too."

House rolled his eyes, then thumped his cane against the floor in a way that meant he was calling you an idiot—a uniquely House-ian ability. "I *meant* that Nurse Kim is a flaming lesbian with a wife and kid, and she would *still* kill all of us for Chase."

Foreman looked up from his newspaper. "How the hell do you know Nurse Kim is a lesbian?"

“She invited Chase to both her wedding and her wife’s baby shower,” House replied, his expression smug in the way it always was when he had answers no one else did. Which, annoyingly, he almost always did.

Foreman looked unconvinced. “And Chase told you this?”

“I regularly hack Chase's emails.” House paused. “Though ‘hack’ is a strong word when your password is your dead mother's name.”

Foreman made a note to talk to Chase about changing his password to something more complicated—and less traumatic.

House was eagerly sharing the contents of Chase's personal emails. “Chase and Nurse Kim—whose first name is apparently *Eun* —e-mail each other complaining about me *very* often. I'd be offended, but they're both hot, so I'm taking it as a win.”

Now it was Foreman's turn to roll his eyes. “Of course you are. More importantly, Chase never hangs out with us but went to some nurse's wedding?”

House pointed his cane at Foreman, way too close for comfort. “That's reason number one.”

“What are you talking about?” Foreman rolled up his newspaper and swatted it against House's cane, trying—and failing—to push it away from his face. Annoyingly, it was a reminder that House, bad leg or not, was still pretty damn strong.

“Reason number one why the nurses like Chase better than you. Chase either doesn't believe—or pretends *really well* not to believe—in hospital hierarchy, and doesn't treat nurses like portable hospital equipment. They tend to appreciate that.”

“I don’t do that.”

House had to give that to Foreman—he didn’t. That was a patented House special.

“And that’s rich, coming from you.”

“And they don't like me either. They like Chase.”

Foreman gestured at Cameron. “Well, what about Cameron? She treats the nurses well. She gave everyone little gifts last Christmas.”

House shrugged. “The nurses think she's unprofessional.”

Cameron's head whipped towards House. She'd been set on ignoring House and Foreman in order to observe Chase with Nurse Kim, but House knew exactly what to say to bring her down to their level. “ *What?”*

House finally lowered his cane from Foreman’s face—only to swing it toward Cameron instead. Due to her relative distance, she didn’t feel the same urge to swat at it that Foreman did. “ *You* are too emotional. Nurses don't have time for that. They treat every single patient in the hospital, can you imagine if they emoted about all of them?”

“So they don't like me because I have *empathy?* ” She looked incredulous.

“They don't like you as much as they like Chase because you let your feelings get in the way too *often* , normally about things that aren't really your business. Let's not forget that Chase killed a patient because his dad died.” There was no reproach in House’s voice for either Cameron or Chase.

“And that's *better?* ” Cameron didn't judge Chase for what happened—doctors were only human, after all. Still, it felt a bit unfair that the nurses thought she was too emotional while Chase got off scot free.

“There was a *furore* when it came out that you told that one guy he was a shit person for wanting his wife to die. Lots of pearl clutching.” There was a fair amount of amusement colouring House's tone.

Cameron gaped. “Wait—the infidelity case? That was ages ago!”

“Nurses have long memories.” House replied.

“Look, I'm not saying Chase should be getting flack for making a mistake after his dad *died* , but I don't understand why what I did is so much worse.”

House tutted mockingly. “A medical mistake is more understandable than being purposefully impolite. *Nurses* . No wonder they aren't doctors.”

Cameron looked crushed. “I always try to be kind to patients.”

“Only if they're good people. But that's okay, as long as you treat them, you're alright with me.”

“Wait.” Foreman interrupted. “Are you saying Chase being a kiss-ass means the nurses like him better than me and Cameron?”

“ *Combined.* And pretty much. But they call it being 'nice' and 'polite' and 'not raised in a barn like that Dr. House’. Idiots, the lot of 'em.”

Foreman used the newspaper rolled up in his hand to gesture toward Chase and Nurse Kim as he spoke. “Yeah, but he's faking it. He probably talks shit behind their backs.”

“And they love him all the more for it! He's a gossip. That creates unbreakable bonds.” That was certainly a big part of House’s bond with Wilson. Plus, the free lunches.

“Chase never gossips. That would require him to care.” Foreman's own attempts to gossip about House's personal life with Chase had always been met with disinterest.

“He doesn't gossip *with doctors,* there's a difference. We don't have anything to offer him that the nurses don't already have hundredfold.” House was pretty jealous, actually. Wilson was totally useless when it came to getting gossip from the nurses nowadays.

“So you're saying Chase is aligned with the nurses.” It made sense to Foreman. Chase certainly wasn't friends with any of the other doctors.

“Ding ding ding! All his friends are nurses. He certainly isn't friends with either of you, or me. It's like he’s sick of us!”

“He *is* one of us!” A token protest—Cameron was nice enough, but Foreman couldn't imagine wanting to hang out with House. And Chase seemed to think of both Cameron and Foreman as extensions of House, always politely refusing any invitations to hang out outside of work.

“Only during work hours.”

Cameron looked pensive. “I didn't know Chase was so close with the nurses.” She found she respected Chase more, knowing that. He always seemed like he couldn't be bothered with any of them.

She turned back to look at Chase and Nurse Kim, surprised and a little awed when she saw Chase smile widely.

He was beautiful when he smiled.

“He's friends with Nurse Kim, Park, Phan, and the one I like to call Evil Nurse Brenda. They have drinks every Friday, somewhere secret that I have yet to find.” House looked genuinely put out that he hadn’t found the bar Chase and the nurses frequented.

“And... why exactly do you wanna know where they have drinks?” Foreman raised an eyebrow.

“That's four incredibly hot people, plus Evil Nurse Brenda. I'd watch *that* orgy.” House imagined Evil Nurse Brenda probably wielded a whip of some kind. He could respect that.

How he made the leap from ‘Friday Night Drinks’ to ‘orgy’ was a mystery to all.

Foreman wondered why he even bothered asking. “As you said, Nurse Kim is a lesbian. And married.”

“Maybe she and Chase practice kissing when they're drunk.” House said, staring dreamily into space. He ignored Foreman.

“You're sick.” With that, Foreman reached his House bullshit quota and began unrolling his newspaper, determined to ignore his boss right back.

At the same time, Cameron watched as Chase and Nurse Kim exchanged goodbyes. “Chase is coming this way. Act normal.”

“Then he'd really suspect something was up.”

Cameron shushed at him, then quickly grabbed the crossword Foreman had taken out for Chase and pretended she was trying to mentally solve it.

By the time Chase entered the office, everyone had adopted a carefully curated air of ‘nothing going on here’. House was back to throwing his tennis ball in the air while Foreman and Cameron looked over different sections of the newspaper.

“Well if it isn't our resident Brit!” House greeted. He made a greedy, grabbing motion towards the piece of paper Chase was holding.

Chase made sure to keep it just out of reach.

“Don't make me colonise you, House.”

House waggled his eyebrows. “That sounds very sexy, I might take

you up on that."

Chase sighed. "Nurse Kim says we can admit the patient and take them to Room 202—there was a scheduling error and no one's in there."

"And how is *Eun* today, Dr. Chase? I know she's recently had a baby."

Chase stared at House flatly. "It was Nurse Kim's partner who had the baby."

House turned to Foreman and Cameron. "He's got the gossip, the looks, and the ability to get me anything from the nurses. You two better up your game. Between me and Chase's wiles, I don't know if we really need you two."

He snatched the piece of paper from Chase and turned it over. It was blank. Chase smirked and grabbed another piece of paper from his front coat pocket.

Cameron watched the exchange and smiled, sliding the crossword toward Chase's regular seat. "Chase, I didn't know you were so friendly with the nurses."

"Did you think I was friendly with the nurses because I can tell when someone hasn't given birth or because there was a scheduling error?"

Typical Chase response.

"We think you're friendly with the nurses because House reads your emails." Foreman cut in bluntly.

Chase turned to look at House, who shrugged, unrepentant. He took the opportunity to snatch the second piece of paper from Chase's hand. Blank again. The wombat was getting *good* . "What? You get even better gossip than Wilson!"

"Wilson's on the outs with the nurses because he slept with Nurse Clarissa, who was new and didn't know he was married."

"He does that all the time!" As a defense, it was a pretty poor one.

Chase nodded in agreement. "They *usually* know he's married. Apparently Clarissa is in bits; she's Catholic and thought the only hang up she had to get over was pre-marital sex."

"See, that's where her problem lies—having hang ups in the first

place!”

“Be that as it may, Wilson’s been frozen out. Is that when you started reading my emails?”

House looked at Chase in mock horror. “I wouldn't hack your emails just for gossip! It was way before Clarissa, trust me.”

“Wait—do you read everyone's emails?” Foreman seemed to realise that House completely disregarding one Fellow's privacy meant he was probably doing the same to the others.

“No no no. Yours and Cameron's were too boring. You probably text, like normal people, so if I wanted to know anything I'd have to steal your phone. Chase here, on the other hand, apparently doesn't think any communication less than one thousand words is worth it and will only get back to you in 2-3 working days.”

“No wonder you never responded to my texts,” Cameron said, amused.

“You text Chase?” House looked positively gleeful at this new information. “And he doesn't reply? Ouch.”

“Only in the beginning,” Cameron defended. “I was trying to build rapport!”

“This is all fine and dandy, but we should really be getting that patient into the only private room that's going to be available in the next 24 hours.” Chase finally took out the piece of paper House had been wanting and handed it over to him. It had been in his inner pocket.

House waved the coveted admission form and shoo’d everyone out of his office. “You heard the man, chop chop!”

Both Cameron and Foreman rolled their eyes as they left the room, Chase following closely behind them. At the last second, the blonde turned around to look at House. “Stop reading my emails.”

He didn't look particularly upset.

House grinned back at him, unrepentant. “Ah, but then how would I know that you think my ‘gorgeous blue eyes' are my only redeeming quality?”

End Notes

Thank you so much to @bonibaru and @u_spelaeus on twitter for the beta! They made this story infinitely better.

If you want to follow me on other social media I'm at unrelaxing on tumblr.

Works inspired by this one

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